

Spring Break Love by FancyKraken

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Summary:

Its spring break in Derry, and when Eddie comes over to Richie's for some quality boyfriend time, Richie notices something is off. Eddie seems nervous and distracted. Richie is worried something is seriously wrong until Eddie confesses that he wants to give Richie the real birthday present he's been wanting to give him for a while now but hasn't had the opportunity. This will definitely be the best birthday present Richie Tozier has ever received.

Spring Break Love

Author's Note:

In this fic Richie is seventeen and Eddie sixteen, so everything is consensual, happy, and fun.

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March 1992

The hoarse groan fills the bedroom as Ryu falls back from Ken Masters' final blow. K.O. blinks happily on the tv screen and Richie crows in delight. "YES! That's zero for eleven! Time to start kissing some ass there, Eds! I am the king!" Richie leans over to his left making exaggerated, obnoxious kissing noises mere inches from Eddie's face.

The two boys sit next to each other on the floor of Richie's bedroom, the small tv in front of them, another round of Street Fighter finished on the screen.

Eddie jerks away pretending to be disgusted. "Fuck off, Richie," he says, scrunching up his nose. "If you think I'd ever stoop as low as kissing your ass then you're mental."

Richie blinks, eyes magnified comically large behind his glasses. "Yeah, well your mom doesn't seem to mind much." A wicked grin crosses his face and he makes small moaning and kissing noises.

Eddie is used to this by now. After all, he's pretty sure that if you

look up the definition of ‘your mom’ jokes in whatever perverted dictionary exists for this purpose, there’d be a photo of Richie Tozier next to said definition.

“Gross, dickhead! Get the fuck away from me! Never speak to me again.” Eddie shoves Richie away from him and Richie falls over on his elbow, cackling.

“Edward, my dear fellow,” Richie begins in an awful British accent, “you would then be deprived of the most intellectual conversations and cultured topics for the rest of your life. Think of the *culture* , my good man.”

“Sure, the culture of bad your mom jokes and shitty impersonations,” Eddie quips back. “I’ll pass.”

Richie gasps in mock offence. “Fuck, Eds, you really would give all that up? All this up?” He waggles his eyebrows as he gestures to his body, all gangly awkward limbs and excited energy.

Trying his best to look annoyed, Eddie can’t help but crack a smile. Of course, he’d never give up Richie. Richie Tozier is the best goddamn thing to ever happen to him in his life.

“Not much to give up on I’m afraid.”

Richie’s eyes widen at the comeback. “Ouch, direct hit!”

“Serves you right, asshole,” Eddie huffs, leaning in to kiss Richie softly on his lips.

The day is grey and wet, a perfect start to spring break for the Losers Club. Everyone is currently at home or at someone else’s house. Richie and Eddie are going to meet up with the rest of the Losers Club later at the Aladdin to see *The Lawnmower Man* . Eddie had come over to Richie’s earlier for some alone time with his boyfriend and to get all the ‘gross feelings’ out of their system before meeting up with the other Losers for the afternoon. At least, that’s what the other Losers joked and complained about when Richie and Eddie started making ‘ooey gooey’ eyes at each other, but in reality, the Losers loved and supported Eddie and Richie’s relationship.

When, just five months prior, they'd finally made the official announcement that they were dating, the Losers all just smiled and said 'finally,' with Beverly hugging them both in congratulations. While Derry and the rest of the world seemed to be against them for simply loving who they loved, the rest of the gang was a safe haven for Eddie and Richie.

In addition to just wanting to hang out with his boyfriend, Eddie loves coming over to Richie's because to him Richie is home. Richie is the place where Eddie can just simply be. No psychologically controlling mother to cart him off to the ER as soon as he sneezes or coughs. Eddie can relax, as much as Eddie Kaspbrak ever can, at least when Richie isn't being an annoying shit. (Which, let's be honest, is pretty much Richie Tozier's default setting).

Kissing Eddie back, Richie cups Eddie's cheek, feeling the warm skin under his palm. "Another round?" He nods his head towards the TV as they break apart.

"Sure, I guess," Eddie replies, although it seems less than enthusiastic.

Richie had felt like something was off with Eddie when he arrived earlier. He'd noticed it as soon as Eddie had arrived, passing Richie's mother on her way out to run errands in town. An undercurrent of anxiety and something else (was it fear?) seemed to hover around Eddie.

"You okay, Eds?" Richie asks sincerely, a knot forming in his stomach at the multitude of possible problems. Could it be school? His mom? Well, his mom was always a problem. He couldn't wait to go off to college with Eddie and get him away from her and Derry's less than accepting attitudes. But worst of all, could it be *him* ? Was it something Richie had said or done? For all their bickering and snarking Eddie knew that Richie wasn't serious about what he said. He was, after all, fluent in Trashmouth and knew what was legitimate and what wasn't. Oh god, was he going to break up with him?

"Don't call me Eds."

Richie rolls his eyes like he always does at the standard reply. Eddie

loves it. He knows he does.

“But, yeah, why?” Eddie briefly meets Richie’s eyes and quickly looks away, his body language indicating that things were definitely the opposite.

“I dunno.” Richie shrugs. “You can usually kick my ass a few times during our Street Fighter rounds. But today you just seem distracted.” Eddie doesn’t reply immediately and the nervous energy in Richie has him grab the open bag of gummi worms lying next to him on the floor and stuff three of them in his mouth as a distraction. “Wan’ a worm?” Richie holds out the bag to Eddie, chewing wetly.

Grimacing, but also secretly in love with his disaster boyfriend’s face while chewing candy, Eddie sets the SNES controller down, selects a worm and pops it in his mouth, chewing thoughtfully.

All Richie can do is wait. He stuffs two more worms in his mouth to try and further distract himself from his increasing heart rate.

A determined look finally crosses Eddie’s features and his body goes even more rigid as if he’s just had a serious conversation with himself and consensus has been reached: *You are now cleared for takeoff, Mr Kaspbrak.*

Richie’s about to start babbling about candy or some other mundane topic when Eddie starts, “I want to give you your birthday present.”

“Huh?” Richie’s birthday had been almost two weeks ago, what was Eddie talking about? “Dude, you already gave me a present, what are you talking about?” Was Eddie high? Honestly, he knew better, but Richie wouldn’t blame him if he was, living with a mother like that and all.

Eddie shuts his eyes, scrunching his nose in the process, and takes a deep breath. “I—I wanted to get you something else, something I’ve been thinking about for a while now and—well, it’s not a book.” His cheeks flush pink and his breath quickens, turning slightly wheezy. His hand unconsciously reaches to the discarded fanny pack next to him with his inhaler, his security blanket and symbol of his own private hell.

The knot in Richie's stomach decides to untie and then re-tie itself into a different kind of knot. He doesn't know *exactly* what Eddie is talking about, but he can guess the way this conversation's about to go.

"Eddie—"

Pressing his lips in a hard line, Eddie takes a deep, slightly wheezy breath through his nose. "I want to give you a blowjob!" Eddie's whole face flushes pink and he levels Richie with such determination in his eyes and a 'don't you dare fuck with me right now otherwise I'll go postal on you, Richie Tozier' look.

"Holy fuck," is all Richie can get out. Sure they've fooled around, kissed, left hickeys on each other, and rubbed against each other until they got off, but this is another level. Richie had wanted to broach the subject with Eddie many times but also knew that Eddie had to come to his own decisions about how to take their relationship to much more intimate levels. The mental games he was put through growing up didn't exactly help Eddie to let loose and go with the flow without a lot of patience or coaxing. The time had to be right and Richie can hear the buzzer of that invisible timer going off loud and clear.

"Uh, yeah." Eddie suddenly loses his nerve and glances away shyly. "I've been wanting to do it for a while, and since your mom is out I thought..." he trails off lamely.

Richie almost tears up at the expression of hopeful nervousness on his boyfriend's face and the love he feels for him. His Eddie wants to give him this gift of love, trust, and oral sex. A-fucking-mazing. Smiling, Richie reaches for Eddie's hand, entwining their fingers together.

"I would love that."

"Really?" The relief in Eddie's voice is palpable, his whole body visibly relaxing.

"I-I've been trying to figure out how to bring it up to you, y'know?" Now it's Richie's turn to blush. "But I didn't want to like... freak you out or anything since it's totally next level." The very real mental

image of Eddie's lips wrapped around his cock flood his brain and he blushes deeper. His brain is in overdrive, trying to process a million and one feelings and images (mainly of Eddie in a million and one positions) all in the blink of an eye. Sure he's masturbated countless times to the very idea of this but now that it's finally going to happen for real...

They sit there in silence for a few moments, Eddie looking down at their joined hands. "Thank you, Richie," he murmurs.

"For what?" Why the hell would Eddie be thanking him? He's the one that's going to get a blowjob. If anything, Richie should be thanking him, bowing on his knees, offering him every kind of tribute a boy of sixteen could want.

"For being the annoying as fuck dickhead boyfriend you are." Eddie laughs relieved, his breath still a bit wheezy. He shifts his body closer, his knee brushing up against Richie's, and leans in again. They kiss, deeper this time, slowly and more tender. They're about to cross a line and both of them want it so desperately.

The rain outside Richie's bedroom is soft against the window, filling the room with a peaceful, rhythmic sound as the two kiss each other slowly, tenderly. This would turn out to be a moment that, even years later, they would often say was a mutual favourite, It's something rare and special, an experience shared between soulmates.

They reluctantly break the kiss but don't move away.

"So how you wanna—?"

"We don't have to do—"

They say at the same time and then laugh, elated and nervous energy wrapped around them like a blanket.

"You first," Richie says, allowing a rare opportunity for another person to get in the first word.

"We don't have to do this now if you don't want to." Eddie licks his lips, tasting the sugary fake fruit flavour of the gummi worms from Richie's mouth.

“Oh, no. No, no, no, no, no,” Richie shakes his head dramatically. “My boyfriend has offered to blow me, I am not turning this down! Nothing will keep me from this. Not hell, heaven, Freddy Kruger, a psycho killer clown, a plague of locusts, Bill trying to read us the dictionary, some natural—“

“Beep beep, asshole.” Eddie huffs a laugh as Richie babbles on. “I get your point.”

“Mmm, and I’ll get your point soon as well,” Richie purrs.

“Jesus.”

“Jesus can’t save you now, my good fellow.” The awful British accent is back.

Shaking his head in exasperation, Eddie lets go of Richie’s hand. He stands, and for a brief few moments, he’s the taller one. All Richie can do is look up at Eddie, adoration for him hammering in his chest and horny excitement in his pants. He gets up in a gangly mess of limbs, hits the power button on his SNES and sits next to Eddie on his bed. Heat pools in his lower abdomen and he can already feel himself getting hard.

“So how do you want me? On my side, on my front—well that would be a bit awkward—my back or I could do that sexy fireplace pose. I heard that works well.”

“Beep beep, Richie,” Eddie says again.

“Uh, yeah, right. Sorry. First-time blowee here,” Richie says almost sheepishly.

Eddie huffs a laugh and blushes again, looking away shyly. “Yeah, well it’s my first time, too. So it probably won’t be that great.” He squirms nervously, pressing his lips together in a hard line.

“Babe,” Richie says and doesn’t miss the way Eddie’s breath catches in his throat. He loves being called that by Richie in their more intimate moments. “This will definitely, without a doubt, one hundred percent, be the greatest blowjob of my life.”

“This is your first blowjob, fuckface.”

“Exactly! So by default, it’ll be the best!” Richie grins at his own logic.

“Ugh. You loser,” Eddie groans, placing his hands on Richie’s chest and slowly pushing him back against the pillows.

“Join the club. Oh wait; you’re already a part of it!” Richie smiles, letting himself be guided by Eddie’s hands.

He swings his long, gangly legs onto the bed, narrowly missing giving Eddie a kick in the face and settles down against the pillows, dark wavy hair pressed against the white fabric of the pillowcase. Instinctively he makes space for Eddie to crawl over him and fit perfectly between his legs. Eddie hovers over him, arms propping himself up over Richie so they’re almost nose-to-nose.

“So,” Eddie says quietly.

“So,” Richie breathes. He’s now drowning in those beautiful, rich brown eyes staring back into his. Reaching up, he brushes a thumb along Eddie’s cheekbone, following the flow of freckles spattered over his face. Richie loves these freckles so goddamn much.

Knowing their time is limited before Richie’s mom gets home, they begin kissing each other. Long, slow, deep kisses with tongue and breathy noises. Richie loves kissing Eddie, biting his lip, sucking his tongue, making little breathy moans escape his throat. He does just that and Eddie reciprocates in kind. When they pull apart, their lips are slightly swollen and flushed deep pink.

Eddie then caresses Richie’s bottom lip with his thumb. “Tastes like sugar,” he says almost to himself.

“I’m your sugar daddy, Eds, don’t you forget it.” Richie waggles his eyebrows, glasses moving almost comically on his face.

“You’re just as broke as me, dipshit,” Eddie points out.

“Yeah, but who keeps you in a good supply of candy since your mom denies you this basic food group, asshole? Me. So I’m your literal

sugar daddy.” Richie grins as he leans his head up for another kiss.

Eddie can only utter a muffled “fucker” as Richie’s lips impede his retort.

As they kiss, their hands explore and feel each other’s bodies. While it isn’t new what they were doing now--they’ve definitely felt each other pretty much all over--there’s this deeper feeling, the feeling of more. The feeling of something old dying and being replaced by something new, brighter and better. They’re leaving a piece of childhood behind in these moments and taking that next step forward.

Eddie shifts over Richie’s body, their torsos and abdomens touching, his head tilted to the side as Richie kisses and nibbles at Eddie’s neck. He can’t wait to give him a real proper neck hickey one day. Right now they’re regulated to things that can be hidden under clothing. If Eddie comes home with a hickey on his neck, his mom would probably lock him up for good or send him to the male equivalent of a nunnery.

“Fuck,” says Eddie, his breath quickening.

“I know,” Richie replies as his tongue moves along Eddie’s jawline.

They continue their heavy make-out session, but now articles of clothing start to be pushed up and cursed at for even existing. Eddie’s hand slips under Richie’s shirt, warm palm against his skin.

Eddie moves his hand up, his fingers brushing against Richie’s nipple. Richie, who nibbles a trail of kisses behind Eddie’s ear, stops and lets out a soft “Oh” as the pleasurable sensation reaches his brain.

“Like that?” Eddie asks.

“Yeah, do it again.”

“Take off your fucking shirt then.”

Reluctant to lose the feeling of Richie’s lips on his skin, Eddie pulls up. Richie practically rips his shirt off his body and tosses it violently across the room as if its mere existence is unnatural.

Now naked from the waist up, Richie feels a sudden wave of nervousness and exposure at his bare skin. He and Eddie have seen each other without their shirts hundreds of times over the years, especially during those hot summers spent swimming together. But this is different. This isn't just going down to the pool; this is intimacy and exposing yourself, body and mind, to someone else.

Shifting lower, Eddie takes his hand and lightly traces his index finger around Richie's left nipple.

"Fuck!" Richie inhales sharply. Goddamnit, does he have a nipple kink now? Is this even considered a kink or is it just normal shit that people enjoy? What the fuck even is the word 'nipple' anyway? Richie's mind zig-zags through each thought in an instant.

Eddie continues lightly brushing around Richie's nipple, watching it harden and flush a deeper pink. He gives Richie a slightly dark smirk and then pinches the taut nub.

"OH!" Richie's body jerks in surprise. "Yeah. Yeah, Eds, that feels really good."

"Good." And Eddie pinches it again, harder this time.

"Hnnnng," Richie groans out and is about to ask his Eddie to do it again when Eddie leans down and drags his tongue across it. Richie swallows hard, watching Eddie's pink tongue lick and swirl around it. This felt too good. How the hell does having your nipples sucked on feel so good? Eddie switches to Richie's other nipple, giving it the same attention.

"Feels so good." Richie breathes. "You definitely have a talent there, babe."

Looking up, Eddie flushes slightly and says quietly, "Do you want me to continue there or...?" He trails off; the unspoken words clear between them. He pushes himself upright on his knees.

"I guess you can, uh, visit some other places," Richie says. He swallows around the lump in his throat. "Y'know, if you want to."

A slightly panicked look appears in Eddie's eyes and his breath starts

to accelerate, chest tightening. He wants this, he really does. He wants to know what it's like, wants to know what Richie tastes and feels like. Wants to please his boyfriend, but the thought of putting someone else's cock in his mouth feels pretty intimidating. Especially when you've been told your whole life that pretty much everything in existence is bad for you or dangerous.

Eddie sits there in silence, the fear instilled by someone else trying to wriggle under his skin and take over. He can't let it. He can't let lousy parenting and his fucked-up upbringing ruin this. Richie is off limits. This relationship is off limits.

Richie leans up on his elbows', noticing Eddie's hesitation. "Hey, really it's okay if you don't—"

"I can and I will!" The defiant note in Eddie's voice seems to help steady his resolve. His chest still feels tight, but he can do this and dammit he *will* make Richie Tozier come! "Sorry, I just—" He looks away, slightly ashamed.

"Don't let your mom win, 'kay?" Grabbing his wrist, Richie tugs Eddie over for a kiss. "You're fucking perfect."

Eddie laughs, a sheen appears in his eyes and his voice slightly wobbles as he says, "What's with this sudden romantic bullshit, Richie?"

"Don't worry, I'm never this romantic when I'm fucking your mom, she doesn't deserve the Eddie level *je ne sais quoi*. I just give her the basic service package." He gives Eddie a goofy grin.

"Beep beep, asshole or I'm leaving."

Suddenly Richie sticks out his tongue, fake gagging as his brain catches up with what he's said and the actual image of nailing Eddie's mom pops into his head. He can literally feel his cock start to soften in response. *Fuck this, I'm out Tozier!* . "Okay new rule. No mentions of your mom when we do it because I think that could seriously damage my psyche."

"*Your* psyche? Dude, yours is messed up enough for this whole

town,” Eddie deadpans arching an eyebrow.

“And that’s why you fell in love with me in the first place.” Richie grins, moving in for a quick kiss.

Unfortunately for Eddie, Richie isn’t quite off the mark there. When they first met, Eddie thought Richie Tozier was rude, annoying as fuck, hilarious, kind, and a riotous ball of energy that landed where the fuck ever regardless of the casualties. Eddie will never forget that day in the clubhouse when it seemed like the whole world fell crumbling down around him. It was like a giant blinking neon arrow popped up next to Richie while he lounged in the hammock, and all Eddie could think was, *you’re in love with this asshole and have been for a while. Get your shit together and kiss him.*

Eddie huffs, rolling his eyes as Richie kisses him. “Why did I have to fall in love with you?”

Richie leans back on the pillows, propping his head up with his arm. “I mean look at me, how can you refuse a god?”

Eddie had to stifle a laugh as he quickly scanned this lanky, uncoordinated, scrawny, disaster of a god. But he was *his* god and that was good enough. Without replying, Eddie hooks his fingers under his shirt and takes it off, flinging it on the floor without looking.

Richie’s eyes widen slightly and his breath sticks in his chest, knowing what’s going to happen next.

Suddenly Eddie seemed to be at a loss at what to do. “I guess I’ll...”

“Uh, yeah. Here.” Richie’s long fingers move to the waistband of his jeans and the button, fastening them.

“No, I want to.” Eddie gently brushes Richie’s hands away and he unfastens the button instead. Then he takes the zipper and pulls it down.

All Richie can do is watch, lips parted, another wave of anticipation and want licking up his body. Eddie starts to tug on the waistband trying to lower his jeans down his hips. Richie responds in kind,

lifting up so that Eddie can pull them down to mid-thigh. Now all that's between him and Eddie is his tighty whities, the outline of Richie's erection clearly visible beneath the fabric. Richie doesn't put his hips down, a clear invitation for Eddie to finish the task at hand.

"Oh," Eddie says so quietly that Richie almost misses it. Hooking his fingers in the elastic band, Eddie pulls them down to expose Richie's hard and willing cock. Shifting his body lower, Eddie curls on his side near the end of the bed so that his head is just above Richie's hips. Slowly, and with a slightly shaky hand, Eddie takes Richie's length by the base and brings it to his lips, tentatively placing a kiss to the head.

"Oh fuck." Richie hisses through his teeth. His whole body tenses, a lightning bolt of arousal hits him in the abdomen and his brain suddenly goes on red alert, system meltdown imminent. Another small yelp escapes him as Eddie licks a slow and hesitant trail from base to tip. Oh, he's in big fucking trouble.

Eddie continues to explore Richie's swollen cock, hardening even further under his ministrations. Richie's hitched breathing is a good indicator of what's working and what isn't, but then since this is Richie's first time, everything is fucking fantastic. There's no telling what's *really good* vs. *mind blowing*. Precome beads at the head and Eddie licks it away, tasting the salty, bitter tang of it.

"Oh my god, Eddie." Richie gasps.

Their eyes meet and what's said there goes beyond words. Eddie places his lips over the head and slowly opens his mouth, sliding it in. Richie's world dissolves around him and there's only Eddie left; Eddie slowly taking him into his mouth and making him feel like he'd filled with liquid fire. Electricity zings over his skin. A heat he's never felt before settles low inside him before building higher and higher.

Suddenly Eddie breaks off, coughing, not used to having something this large and this far back in his mouth. "Sorry," he says between coughs, tears pricking at his eyes.

"No, dude, you're perfect," Richie says, staring at the red flush of Eddie's lips and face. "Do whatever you want, it feels so fucking

good.”

The praise helps give Eddie more confidence and he moves back down, returning to business. He tries different angles, different swipes of his tongue, different pressure, tries squeezing the base, exploring everything he can before Richie comes.

“You’re so perfect. You’re so perfect.” Richie pants, his whole body tightening.

Reaching down, he runs his fingers through Eddie’s hair, feeling the motion of his head bobbing disjointedly up and down. Eddie looks up through his lashes as he sucks, cheeks hollowing. “Oh fuck, yes. Suck it. Suck it, Eds. I want you to suck it so hard.” Richie moans, his body now humming with such intense feeling, that heat inside almost boiling over.

Eddie sucks harder, teeth brushing against the sensitive skin. Richie yelps and throws his head back, not letting go of Eddie’s head. “Yes, yes, yes, fuck yes. Wanna suck your cock, Eds, wanna suck your cock and fuck you. Fuck you so hard. Suck my cock and then fuck you.” The words flow from Richie’s lips, disjointed, breathless, and dirty.

Eddie can’t help but pause and watch Richie’s face; eyes screwed tight, glasses crooked on his nose, filth falling from his lips.

“Fuck you so hard,” Richie gasps out again. “Ohmygooooood,” he moans.

And Eddie wants that. Needs that. He needs Richie to fuck him, and hard. That day will come, but not now. Now he’s relishing the feeling of another man’s cock on his tongue. He doesn’t take his eyes off Richie’s face. Twisting his hand at the base, Richie’s head snaps up. His cheeks are deliciously flushed and eyes bright with tears.

“Eddie, I—I, fuck!” He tugs at Eddie’s hair urgently to get his attention even though it’s never wavered.

“Yeah?” Eddie’s voice breaks as he lets Richie fall from his mouth.

“I’m gonna like, fuckin’ come,” Richie whines breathlessly.

Smiling, Eddie simply says, “Okay, Richie.”

What happens next will go down in Richie Tozier’s top five sex moments of his life.

He had expected Eddie to finish him off by hand; it’s just logical. But he was wrong, oh so wrong. He watches, open mouthed and heart hammering in his chest, as Eddie puts his swollen cock back in his mouth and begins to suck. Suck hard.

Deep brown eyes meet Richie’s and there is this dark, almost predatory, look in them, as if daring Richie not to come and suffer the consequences. It’s the hottest fucking thing Richie has ever seen in his goddamn seventeen years on this planet. And then as Eddie swirls his tongue around the head of Richie’s cock, that heat and tightness coiled inside him releases like the crack of a whip.

“OHMYFUCKI—“ The rest of the English language vacates Richie’s brain as his orgasm takes hold and his cock throbs in Eddie’s mouth. Arching his back in ecstasy, Richie high-fives God as the wave of pleasure wracks his entire body and he sees stars. And it keeps going as Eddie continues to suck and lick, determined to try and get all of Richie’s come in his mouth.

After what seems like both a billion years and also 0.2 seconds, it’s over. Breath escaping in strangled gasps; Richie starts coming down from his high, and his body begins to relax into post coital Jell-O. He blinks stupidly, not able to fully process Eddie slowly lifting off his cock and grimacing slightly as he swallows.

Wait. Eddie just swallowed.

Eddie Kaspbrak just swallowed his come.

“Oh my holy fucking god, fucking hell, Eddie d-did you just...?” He’s babbling but he doesn’t care. What even is the English language anymore, really?

“Um, yeah,” Eddie says, flushing again, making a move to wipe away the extra off his lips and chin.

“Wait.” Not realizing that he’s even moving, Richie leans up so he’s

face-to-face with Eddie. Parting his lips he begins to kiss along Eddie's mouth, tasting himself on Eddie's lips and tongue.

When he finishes, he moves back, studying Eddie closely. Love swells in his chest and he honestly feels like he could cry. This level of emotion startles Richie and he can't speak, can only stare at Eddie's flushed face, swollen lips, and lust-filled eyes.

"Are you okay?" Eddie asks tentatively, wrapping his hand around Richie's, squeezing softly.

'Okay' does not even come close to what Richie was feeling. 'Okay' is a word that does not exist for Richie anymore. "Um, no. I'm better than that." His face splits into the most beautiful smile Eddie has ever seen. "That was beyond amazing."

Eddie's face burns bright red at the praise and feeling of accomplishment. "I'm glad. I wasn't sure about..." He waves his other hand in a vague gesture, his gaze dropping down to the bed.

"Dude, you were beyond awesome." And Richie means every word. Sure it was sloppy, awkward, quick, and definitely not what you'd see in porno, but it was perfect because it was Eddie. "Are you okay?"

Nodding, Eddie licks his lips, looking back at Richie. "Yeah, it just felt... weird, but a good weird. I'm glad I did it." Smiling, he reaches to adjust the crooked glasses on Richie's nose. They both laugh a little breathlessly at the gesture.

Grinning, Richie sits up and kicks the remainder of his pants and underwear off onto the floor. Fully naked except for his socks, he grabs Eddie's face between his hands and kisses him hard and slow. When he finishes he smiles and says, "Your turn."

"I'm not expecting you to—"

"Shut it, Eds," he says. His smile now has a wicked edge to it. "I've been dreaming of this for fucking ever." He drops his gaze to the bulge in Eddie's pants. "Pretty sure you don't want to go to the movie later with this." He moves his hand to Eddie's swollen cock still in his

pants and squeezes. "You cool with that?"

"Fuck yes." Eddie's eyes flutter slightly at the pressure and friction of Richie's hand on his cock.

"Good. Lie back, babe."

Taking a shaky breath, Eddie removes his shirt, sending it flying in the same vague direction Richie's had gone only minutes before. He slowly lies back across the bed, giving Richie enough room to crawl between his legs.

Richie drinks in all of Eddie like he's really seeing him for the first time. He runs his hands up Eddie's chest, feeling him shiver underneath his touch, and cups Eddie's face in his hands. "Love you," Richie whispers.

"Love you, too," Eddie replies, his breath suddenly increasing, slight panic on his face.

Taking notice of the small change, Richie places a palm over Eddie's heart. "Calm, babe. You got this and I got you."

Shutting his eyes to keep his mind from fucking everything up, Eddie nods. The last thing he needs is to scramble for his inhaler and use it in the middle of this. Talk about the most unsexy thing ever *and* a serious mood-killer. He knows Richie would understand and not make fun of him for it, but he doesn't want to ruin things. Eddie doesn't deserve that.

Richie Tozier may be a lot of things, but he's not the sort of guy to ever knowingly hurt the people he cares about. Despite all the bickering, teasing, button-pushing, and jokes, Richie always stays away from the lowest-blows, never goes for the kill. And he knows Eddie well enough to know how to *really* hurt him. But he can't. He won't.

So he takes his time, letting Eddie adjust to his hands as they gently explore his body. First his chest, rubbing Eddie's nipples, then taking them into his mouth just as Eddie had done. He likes the way Eddie's breath escapes in the good kind of little gasps as he grazes his teeth

over the sensitive nubs. He laughs as he runs his hands down Eddie's sides, feeling him jerk away, ticklish.

"Asshole." Eddie squirms under him.

The waistband of Eddie's pants are now under Richie's palms. He sits back on his knees, fingers now poised over the button. This is it, the moment he's been waiting so long for. In so many fantasies, Richie had imagined just ripping the pants off of Eddie, letting him get straight to the prize underneath. But he surprises himself, and Eddie, by going slow. Letting them both savour the moment as if the act of undressing Eddie is almost more sacred than what he's about to do.

Eddie lifts up his hips, allowing Richie to pull down his pants. Richie shuffles backwards and stands at the edge of the bed, slowly pulling Eddie's pants down and off, ungracefully flinging them on the floor. Eddie is left in nothing but his underwear, staring up at Richie. His eyes are liquid pools of desire that Richie is sure he could drown in given the chance.

"So, um." Richie suddenly feels awkward standing here in front of his boyfriend, naked, still feeling the afterglow of his orgasm. He stands frozen, unable to move, heart thudding loudly in his ears.

OhmygodI'mgoingtoputmyboyfriendsdickinmymouth . Of course, his brain would hang up at this particular moment.

"Really, Richie? I swear if you get fucking cold feet now I'm breaking up with you," Eddie snaps half-heartedly.

He hits the 'play' button on the remote in his head, and it's all systems go. "Got lost in the moment." He grins sheepishly looking down at his feet, cheeks going hot.

"Like what you see, then?"

Richie's eyes snap back up to Eddie at the comment. Eddie is blushing furiously at his own words, his freckles at least ten shades darker against his skin.

"Fuck yes. Hell fucking yes." He smiles, bending forward and hooking his fingers under the elastic of Eddie's underwear. Pulling them

down, he licks his lips, as Eddie's cock is revealed, hard and flushed a deep red, precome already on the tip. Richie crawls back onto the bed and settles next to Eddie's hips in a similar position Eddie was in not too long ago.

"Hold on," Eddie says softly. He reaches over, gently pulling off Richie's glasses, and places them carefully on the pillows at the top of the bed.

"Thanks," Richie smiles. His world is now a blur, literally, but he can still make out enough to enjoy the view of his Eddie.

He licks his lips again, wrapping his hand around the base of Eddie's cock and brings his lips down to the head. He vaguely hears Eddie's sharp inhale and breathy 'oh!', but the blood rushing in his ears (and other places) almost drowns it out. He tastes the bitter, salty-sweetness of precome for the first time, somehow loving it and wanting more. Wanting everything Eddie has to offer.

Richie explores Eddie, lightly brushing him with his fingertips, kissing the head and underneath, massaging his balls in his free hand, slowly becoming aware of the increasing noise of Eddie's whines and moans. When Richie finally takes the head in his mouth, it's Eddie's turn to babble. "Yes, fuck yes, Richie!"

Slowly, he takes Eddie deeper into his mouth, trying hard to avoid scraping his teeth on sensitive flesh. He never thought that having another guy's cock in his mouth would feel this good. Maybe it's because it's *Eddie* that it feels so good, but Richie Tozier feels certain at this moment that he's been put on this earth to suck cock and suck it well.

Wanting to please Eddie so badly, Richie sinks lower, trying to relax his jaw but having a hard time focusing, his thoughts all broken in a billion different directions. Eddie's increasing noises and encouragement edge him on. Suddenly it's panic as the head hits the back of his throat and he pulls off quickly, choking and gagging. He blinks back tears.

"S'okay, Rich," Eddie says before Richie can apologize.

“Thanks.” He smiles, lips red and swollen. Now knowing the limit as to how far he can take Eddie into his mouth, Richie tries again. But before he does he makes a promise to himself: *one day I will deep throat Eddie Kaspbrak and make him scream my name.* He knows he’ll have plenty of opportunities to practice in the future.

The room is filled with hitched breathing, expletives, moans, and the odd sloppy sucking noise as Richie continues. Eddie begins to practically vibrate underneath him, his hand suddenly gripping the back of Richie’s head. He looks up at Eddie, mouth open in an ‘O’, eyes half-lidded and completely lust ridden, cheeks flush, and a light sheen of sweat on his forehead.

“R-Richie, oh, fuuuuck.” Eddie gasps. “Yes, oh god. Oh fuck. Rich, please!”

The ‘please’ ends on a broken moan, Eddie tensing up and letting go. Richie feels the sudden throbbing of Eddie’s cock under his tongue and then the first pulse of come as Eddie’s orgasm rushes over him.

“Ah-ah-ah!” Eddie’s undone; back arching off the bed, one fists gripping the bedspread, the other tangled in Richie’s hair as he watches himself come inside Richie.

Oh, so this is what it’s like, Richie’s thinks almost casually as he laps up pulse after pulse of Eddie’s come. He can’t catch it all, it’s too much right now, but what he can get, he drinks down greedily. Desperately he wants to tell Eddie how fucking perfect he is, how to give him everything, keep coming, keep feeling this way because it’s the best fucking feeling in the world, but he can’t. A mouth full of cock kinda prevents that, so Richie just hopes like hell that his feelings can be felt without words.

It ends as all orgasms sadly do. Richie slowly pulls off, trying, and failing, to keep all of Eddie’s spend in his mouth. He pushes up onto his side and shifts his body so that he’s lying head-to-toe next to Eddie. And then he swallows, making sure that Eddie can’t miss anything about it.

“HolyfuckRichie,” Eddie whispers in a rush.

The taste isn't ideal, but Richie can live with it. He can live with anything Eddie-related.

"Yeah," is all he can think to say before Eddie is kissing him, reciprocating what Richie had done for him and tasting himself on Richie's lips and tongue.

They settle next to each other, Richie draping his arm over Eddie's chest and resting his chin on his shoulder. "Best. Blowjob. Ever." Richie practically purrs.

"Fuck." Eddie is dazedly staring at the ceiling, trying to remember when he last felt this good. It was probably never.

"Did I blow your mind, babe?" Richie grins happily, elated energy crackling inside his chest.

"Jerk." Eddie smiles, slowly coming back to earth. "You know you did."

"Aww yeah, best boyfriend ever!" If Richie could fist pump right now he would, but his body is a happy puddle of goo that doesn't allow for much movement.

Lying together, they don't say anything, rare for Richie to not fill the silence with his usual hyper verbal nonsense. This silence is welcome for the two, to just feel each other as they lie side by side, listening to the rain finally starting to let up outside. They probably won't need their raincoats to go to the theatre later.

Eddie is the first to move, rolling onto his side so he can grab Richie's glasses from where he placed them on the pillows. Richie lets himself be squished momentarily and then holds still as Eddie slips the glasses over his ears and onto his nose. He blinks, letting things slip back into focus, and smiles. Eddie's adorable freckled face is just a few inches away from his. Richie is overcome with a strong desire to kiss each freckle on Eddie's nose, but is thwarted as the loud, shrill ring of the phone splits the air.

They jerk in surprise as the noise cuts through their silence. "Fuck!" Richie looks around for the phone in his room.

“Leave it,” Eddie protests lazily. “Probably people selling shit.”

“Could be my mom. Or my dad. And if I don’t answer well... I don’t know, but it could mean an early arrival home for them,” Richie says as he untangles himself from Eddie and rolls off the bed onto the floor in a gangly heap. The ringing comes from under a pile of dirty laundry. He manages to uncover it on the fourth ring. He fights momentarily with the cord and puts the phone to his ear.

“Trashmouth residence,” Richie says in an overly pleasant demeanour into the receiver.

“Richie.” It’s Bill Denbrough.

“Big Bill!” Richie smiles, sitting down on the floor against the bed next to where Eddie lay. “Whatcha need, man?”

“Stan just came over and we were wo-wondering if you’d like to c-c-come over and hang before the movie?”

“Did he bring a new bird book with him? Are you asking me to save you, Big Bill? Because if you are, there’s no shame in it.” Richie leans his head back on the edge of the bed, looking at Eddie, smiling.

“Fuck off, Richie,” the faint voice of Stanley Uris comes over the phone as Bill repeats the message to him, laughing.

“Not quite,” said Bill. “Is Eddie with you? He can come too.”

“Oh yes, Eddie has come.” He levels Eddie with a wicked smile, eyebrows raised.

Eddie looks at his boyfriend, face scrunched up in a clear ‘what the fuck is wrong with you?’ expression. Richie sticks out his tongue in response.

Bill doesn’t seem to get the innuendo, so Richie continues, “I don’t think that’ll be possible, Bill, you see I’m going to try and blow Eddie’s mind again before the show.”

Eddie makes a choked squawking noise, shooting his arm out to try and knock the phone out of Richie’s hand, but Richie quickly moves

it out of his reach.

This time Bill definitely seems to get the message. “Oh.” An awkward pause follows and then a bit of a laugh as Bill realizes he shouldn’t be surprised. They were dating after all. “That’s c-c-cool, Richie. We-we’ll see you at the movie. Tell Eddie that Stan and I say ‘hi’.”

“You bet I will! See ya later!” Richie hangs up the phone and turns his attention to Eddie who is lying face down on the bed.

“Asshole. I’m breaking up with you.” Eddie groans, voice muffled by the bedspread.

“Nah, you love me too much.”

Eddie turns his head to look at Richie, eyes narrowed and mouth pursed in a tight line. “If you tell them anything about this I’m not going to touch you ever again.”

Richie knew he was joking, but damn he couldn’t even risk it. He was so far gone with Eddie it was unreal. “But I wanted to tell them how sexy you are!”

Eddie’s face turns scarlet at the words. “Goddammit, Richie!”

Grinning, Richie shifts over, resting his chin on the edge of the bed, his nose almost touching Eddie’s. “You are. No one can tell me otherwise.”

Not able to handle the compliment, Eddie buries his face back into the bed with a muffled groan. “Go away.”

“Sorry, you’re stuck with me.”

A louder muffled groan is heard.

“Don’t worry, babe,” Richie says more seriously, “y’know we’re off limits to everyone except us.”

“That doesn’t even make sense,” Eddie says, turning back to Richie again.

Richie shrugs. Whether it did or didn't he's still never revealing the sordid details of what he and Eddie got up to in private. Innuendo, on the other hand, will continue to be his bread and butter, especially if it means he can get Eddie to blush like this again and again.

He kisses Eddie, smiling. "So, you think you wanna do it again before the movie? S'cool if you don't, I don't want to make you feel--"

Eddie quickly flips on his side, surprising Richie by grabbing his face between both hands, kissing him harder. "Again and again and again," Eddie murmurs between kisses.

And again and again and again is just what Richie plans to give Eddie, today and forever.

Author's Note:

This is my first time writing and posting anything for over two years and also my first time writing Eddie and Richie (or anything in the It universe, really), so I'm kinda nervous/excited about this whole deal. I just wanted to do these two justice and I hope in some way I have. Feedback is appreciated and thank you so much for reading. <3